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International Labor

THE BIG LABOR GROUPS in the United Nations are face to face with a problem which eventually confronts all of us. British labor, as J. L. Benvenisti pointed out in our columns months ago, is very pro-Russian, however little it may be attracted by communism. Its sympathy for the wonderful courage of Soviet armies and the achievements of Soviet industry has led it actively to favor an Anglo-American-Soviet Trade Union Committee, in which the CIO seemingly will participate. But traditionally British labor is associated with the AFL, which sent Daniel J. Tobin of the Teamsters as its "fraternal delegate" to the Labor Day conference at Blackpool, England. And the AFL will have no truck with Soviet unions. It is interesting to compare its stand with the formula of French unionists cited in this week's "Inner Forum": "The labor movement must remain totally independent, and . . . it must not yield to any pressure from employers nor to any pressure from political parties nor to any pressure from the government." This means that labor unions must under all circumstances be truly autonomous and free, which obviously the Russian unions are not.

Westbrook Pegler has a fine explanation for this. His thesis, of course, is that the AFL is infested with crooks. "The common crook fights the communists with a hot show of American patriotism because he realizes that they are smarter than he is and that once they get a foot in the door they may boost him out of his racket." Allowing for the poisoned (and perennial) Peglerian prejudice, there is some slight truth in this. AFL leaders are older men, without much of the brassy smartness of many of the younger and more sophisticated CIO chiefs. They remember the Stalinist record. They know what totalitarianism does to unions. They don't like it, and cannot bend their emotions easily. They don't understand or like subtleties, and obviously the terrific energy of the communists disturbs their equanimity and ease. It would therefore be a mistake to assume that AFL opposition to all-out association with an agency of the Stalinist government is entirely based upon political principle or self-sacrificing nobility. Yet whatever the motive, the fact is that this opposition exists and is very strong and adds fuel to the rancor between the two big American labor groups.

Nor can one help suspecting that, as Edward Loring in the *New Leader* puts it, ". . . despite the problems of war, the Comintern has decided to exploit widespread pro-Russian sympathy in an effort to entrench its agents in the world's labor movements." The whole picture, like many human pictures, is very confused, but a general pattern does emerge. Can the independence so ardently affirmed by French labor in its present tragic and desperate pass be maintained in a world which seems resolved to create a monolithic society? This, essentially, epitomizes the whole problem of our age.

Refugees and Latin America

WITHOUT evaluating at all the extent of our accomplishments in the Pan-American field, it seems clear that the United States is beginning to see its relations with the other Americas in something more comprehensive than strategic terms—military, economic and political. The new concept of the Americas is coming to mean much more than an effort to redress the unbalance in the Old World. For example, the declaration in the official statement just adopted by the NCWC Inter-American Seminar that "upon the Americas rests the enormous burden of sharing the leadership of a good post-war world" is a sentiment already widely accepted throughout this country.

Those who go into the question beyond the superficial stage are convinced that to play their new rôle, the Latin American republics must participate as equals in hemisphere and world affairs. This they cannot do so long as economically speaking they are colonies of Europe and the United States. Countries which serve as sources of low-cost raw materials and somewhat limited markets for high-priced manufactured goods are doomed to constant poverty and recurring crises whenever raw materials hit bottom. No real improvement in living standards is possible until substantial domestic industries are developed.

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To do this a number of elements are required, among them capital, transportation and trained personnel. Modern industrial enterprises are no simple matter to organize and maintain. The need of experienced men to develop new industries in Latin America underlines the importance of the recent survey report on Santo Domingo, just issued by the Brookings Institution. It will be recalled that some 500 refugees had been settled at Sosua by the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, until the war stopped further immigration there. The experiment has been successful enough to persuade three unamed South American countries to offer to consider the settlement of European refugees on a large scale after the war. And since the accession of European skills and European capital proved so beneficial to Canada's economy immediately before the war, there is every reason to expect that intelligent resettlement will assist in building up the Latin American countries which welcome any considerable number of refugees from Europe. In fact they would also help to build up our own vast country.

The results of the Sosua experiment have not all been favorable by any means. The amount of unoccupied arable land available there is limited, while the need of importing coal and oil means that no large industries already exist to employ the new settlers. Prevailing wage rates in the Dominican Republic are found to be so low anyway that it is often cheaper to produce things by old hand methods than to set up modern factories. Until new products for export are found, there is little if any prospect of employing capital to establish new industries in that country.

With so little cash income possible, every effort is being made to make the new colony self-sustaining as to food. For all these reasons the settlement association is finding a higher per capita cost than had been anticipated. That in face of all these difficulties the association is encouraged to continue and expand its work is a welcome indication. The experience gained thus far will be invaluable for much larger scale resettlement. The European refugee should have a key rôle in building up the economy of the Americas.

"Public Proclamation No. 2"

ON September 9 Hugh A. Drum, Commanding General of the Eastern Defense Command, issued "Public Proclamation No. 2," a document the text and appendices of which extend to some sixty pages, and which immediately concerns the citizens of more than 15 Eastern states. In it are defined a large number of areas and zones variously restricted as to public access—an excellent precaution. But as part of this proclamation there appeared certain provisions which seem largely to have escaped comment or protest. The New York *Times* summarizes and explains them as follows:

"Any person whose presence in the Eastern Military Area is deemed dangerous to the national defense will be ordered excluded from the area, or from a particular part of it. . . . The civil affairs section of General Drum's headquarters explained that this applied equally to citizens and aliens. . . . All persons whose evacuation is considered will first have a hearing before a board of experienced officers, which will afford the individual and any witnesses he may care to call an opportunity to be heard. The case will be evaluated later by the intelligence section, and there reviewed by another board of officers at General Drum's headquarters. If exclusion is then ordered by General Drum, the War Relocation Authority is prepared when necessary to assist the individuals affected to move to places selected by themselves, and to aid in resettling them there. . . . The civil affairs section said that this procedure would not interfere in any way with the right of habeas corpus."

On the face of it, all this sounds reasonable, if not downright benevolent. An aura of solicitous paternalism surrounds it. The Army will be very fair; it will cushion the impact of its own action against "dangerous" persons, seeing to it that they are comfortable in their new homes, and adequately provided with the amenities of life. Perhaps the Army will even seek to provide new loyalties for them, seek to substitute, let us say, the Cardinals for the Dodgers in their affections. This is War, "A Time for Toughness," as the *New Republic* calls it!

Yet all this sweetness and light cannot change the basic fact that General Drum's proclamation wounds to the quick a number of vital safeguards against tyranny. If "dangerous" persons are spies and saboteurs, there is a proper and adequate machinery for dealing with them under due process of law. So it is not such the General has in mind. One can only suppose that he wishes to move out people who cannot be proved guilty of any overt act, but whom "experienced" officers think, because of their views, *might* endanger national defense. A stitch in time saves nine—which, in politics, is an axiom of tyranny. "Preventative" arrest. All this looks very much like another manifestation of a widespread malady. To defeat the enemy, we must imitate him. But of course we will do it nicely, politely, without fuss.

Because it does seem so reasonable and kindly, this is precisely the sort of innovation which demands protest, lest we wake up one morning to find ourselves in the grip of a real military tyranny, conducted not by honorable men like General Drum, but by other men, who have the will to exploit their power.

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The House

SOMETIMES a place where men once lived is buried under the sands and the archeologists carefully remove all that covers it and they try not to break down what still stands erect and they scrape everything away and what is left is the skeleton of a town, of a village, of a house. There is the house people lived in and the objects they used and from these material things it is possible to draw some idea of the people who lived in the house and of their manner of living. Sometimes a place where men are still living is withdrawn from our knowledge as completely as though centuries separated us from it—war does this, which closes the frontiers and bars the seas—as though the slowly drifting dust had seeped into every house and into the church and had piled up in the streets until it rose to the roofs of the houses and had covered them and had covered the abandoned fields surrounding the houses of the village until there was no village to be seen and the village was buried there for some archeologist to uncover. Here for the archeologist is a note on a house in France.

It had but one bathroom which was under the gables next to the servants' rooms and the water that filled the bath came out of the graceful throat of a swan. It was an old house. You could not tamper with it putting bathrooms all over the place, and the great copper bath tub was up under the roof and you came down a narrow staircase to the bedrooms and then down a broad and turning stone stairway to the ground floor. On one side of the house a driveway came up from the gatehouse and the village; on the other side the sunlight never entirely could pierce the canopy formed by the great trees of the park. The trees had been planted in parallel lines and in the center of the park they had been planted in a circle round a fountain so that the light filtered down through the trees and trembled as the leaves moved in the breeze and made shifting patches of light and shade on the still waters of the pool. When you sat in the library the trees and the park would be outside the tall French windows, the trees arching over the park, and it would not always be summer and in the winter nights the moon would be over the leafless trees and the shadow of the branches would show on the untrampled snow. In the dining room in winter there would be a great open fire and you would hear the fire crackling and the wind in the trees of the park.

The house in France is far away and I cannot return to my friends who live in it. The house in France is already disappearing into the past. But even when I was there, a part of it belonged to the past. The park belonged to the past. The house had not grown old. There were children in the house. When they got London in the evenings it was because the band played so well at the Savoy. There was dancing—house parties and dinner parties and twice a year the Mayor would come to dinner and the Senator. And each year Jacqueline and Claude advanced from childhood and became more beautiful and found out about books and paintings and labor unions and chemistry and became very sure about what they thought about life and about what they planned to do with their lives. They changed their minds every day. There was youth in the house. The park belonged to the past but the house belonged to the present. It was an old house, standing there in classic simple architecture between the Jura and the Alps, but a house never recedes into the past, never belongs to the past nor is taken by the past while the people who live in it can still not too unreasonably place their trust in the future. Yet, all the same, there was one room in the house which belonged to the past, one room which had been yielded to the past. It gave on the park which belonged to the past; it was not lighted when evening came; it shared the night and the dawn with the park and the changing light of the seasons. It was a silent room, unfrequented. In it stood a fourposter bed with a canopy of faded blue satin. On the wall was a portrait of Catherine the Great presented by her to the Personage who had lived in the room and who had died in the fourposter bed. On the wall was an allegory which showed Virtue and Justice and Fame leading the Personage, dressed as a noblest Roman, into the airy heavens where Sophocles and Plato, standing nonchalantly upon the clouds, gave him welcome. In a corner of the room a brocaded dressing gown hung stiff and empty which once had clothed the first master, Voltaire.

This house that sheltered the present and the past, this house in which the courage of the living was never oppressed by the melancholy park and the arching somber trees, it is well to remember it now, and that is all one can do for now it is inaccessible. It is as if it had been conquered by the past and had vanished, defeated, into the past. It is silent and distant now and the dancing and the laughter that filled it are as remote as the dancing and the music on the lawn under the Chinese lanterns when Voltaire gave his garden parties for the village.

We did not know that the house was going to retreat into the past, retreat into memory, the night no one could sleep because of the storm, the dawn when they opened the portals to a squadron of cavalry and the men, drenched and cold, came in to get warm and we lighted a great fire in the dining room fireplace. They put the Colonel's horse in the stable and all we knew was that the war had started.

C. G. PAULDING.

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On Anti-Semitism

Reflections prompted by two recent books on the subject.

By **Jacques Maritain**

PEOPLE don't like being told of atrocities. They don't like atrocious problems. They don't like problems which might perchance result in some self-examination. They would prefer to ignore the problem of anti-Semitism, yet nazi ferocity obliges them to confront it. Indeed anti-semitism is at the very core of the outburst of barbarism which today makes bloody the world.

In order to propound some views on this problem, I shall avail myself of two recently published books[1] the contributors to which are for the most part Jewish scholars and of the reflections that the reading of these books provoked in me. Such surveys are of interest both for the Jew and the Gentile. By endeavoring to analyze in a rational and objective manner a phenomenon of irrational emotionalism, which has today become a monstrous collective disease, the contributors to these two volumes, whose personal points of view and scholarly fields are widely diverse, offer rich material for thought. They do not pretend to provide us with an exhaustive solution. Yet the data which have been gathered by them are of real value for a more profound outlook.

Anti-Semitism may be considered as a problem for the Christian and as a problem for the Jew. In the first perspective, the general diagnosis is rather simple. Anti-Semitism has been, throughout the Christian centuries, the result of the entanglement of religious and spiritual matters with the flesh and blood trends which relate to the psychological, social, political, economic conditions of earthly life and depend upon what Saint Paul calls the *animalis homo*. Christianity, in its spiritual essence, has never been and cannot be anti-Semitic. Anti-Semitic abuses were among the blemishes which proceeded from the intermingling of human weakness or human sin with Christianity in the sacral régime of the middle ages. In this way the Jews bore the burden of that enormous bulk of human harshness which has not been renewed and purified by Christianity in Christian societies.

The genuine Christian interpretation of history, that is the Pauline one, is utterly repugnant to any anti-Semitism, as Carl Mayer points out. Anti-Semitism in the middle ages (above all in the later middle ages) and in the decay of feudalism[2] was diametrically different in nature from the anti-Semitism of today, though it often aroused similar cruelties. Except in the degenerated passions of the mob, it did not involve any contempt for the very race from which Christ came forth and whose name, Israel, was looked upon as the most glorious among the earth's peoples. In the background of anti-Jewish measures and anti-Jewish outbursts lay the great spiritual drama between the Church and the Synagogue, her "little sister," *soror nostra parva,* as she was sometimes called[3]—the former worshipping that very Spouse and Messiah whom the latter ignored. The Jew, when baptized, was received with full rights into the Christian commonwealth; moreover, the Christian people awaited with impatient expectation that coming of the Jews, that reconciling of the Synagogue and the Church, which was to be, according to Saint Paul, the splendor of the world and life from the dead. The very name "anti-Semitism" was unknown at that time. The religious-minded anti-Jewish prejudice and fanaticism of old was the shameful spot in Christian history, it was not a self-glorification and self-delectation in animal blood and a helpless denial of mankind's unity as is the racial-minded anti-Semitism of today.

From the Jewish point of view

It is from the second point of view, from the point of view of anti-Semitism as a problem for the Jew, that the two books I am considering provide us with the most stirring questions. A first question concerns the impact of anti-Semitism upon some parts of the Jewish conscience itself, a sorrowful question to which I. S. Wechsler and Z. Diesendruch dedicate some weighty and valuable observations. The worst phenomenon here is that split attitude and that peculiar self-con-

[1] "Jews in a Gentile World." Edited by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt. Macmillan. $4.00.
"Essays on Anti-Semitism." Edited by Koppel S. Pinson. Jewish Social Studies, No. 2. Conference on Jewish Relations. $2.00.

[2] Cf. Hans Sachs, "Persecution in the Middle Ages and in Our Time," Boston Jewish Week Program, December 26, 1940.

[3] Cf. Erik Peterson, "Die Kirche aus Juden und Heiden." Salzburg, 1933, p. 71; quoted by Carl Mayer in "Jews in a Gentile World," p. 324.

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sciousness which sometimes lead the Jew to self-negation. "Self accusation is inverted apologetics, and to the disillusionment of the latter corresponds the tragedy of self-condemnation. Both root ultimately in the experience of the inefficacy of the rational" (Diesendruck, "Essays," p. 196-197). In this respect it may be said that the atrocious German racism, revealing anti-Semitism in all its nakedness, will free the Jewish conscience of diseases which were born out of the reverberation of the contemner's baseness upon the soul of the humiliated. "The self-deriding Jewish comedian is out of work, and the atmosphere is certainly not favorable for the growth of a Maximilian Harden or Karl Kraus or Otto Weininger. The German catastrophe is at least not reflected any more in a tragic conflict within the Jew."

Another question deals with the nature of anti-Semitism itself. The hated, humiliated and hunted man cannot help but wonder what are the reasons for the iniquitous wound which is inflicted upon human nature within him. The answer was quite simple for the pious Jew of old, convinced as he was of the divine election of his people. Not so for the rationalistic-minded Jew of today. It is sad to see how many of them feel internally disarmed in the face of the very monstrosity, all the more crushing as it is rationally inexplicable. All the contributors to "Essays" and to "Jews in a Gentile World" point out quite rightly that anti-Semitism is a wild outburst of irrationality, a group neurosis. Yet the majority try to explain this very neurosis by means of the ordinary weapons of sociological, psychological, social-scientific, economic analysis, which are perhaps able to account for the crass imperialistic anti-Semitism of a Cicero ("religious scruples, my dear Laelius, are primarily n a t i o n a l concerns . . ."), but which can touch only the externals of the world psychosis we are confronted with today. A much more profound and realistic outlook is to be found in the views expressed by Carl J. Friedrich, which seem to me entirely just, and in the chapter on "Religious and Political Aspects of anti-Judaism" by Carl Mayer. "In a sense," he writes, "anti-Judaism is the expression of a fear of specters." And the root of this fear is the obscure feeling that the Jews are set apart, that "they do not fit into any of the usual pigeonholes which we employ in our attempts at understanding"; for indeed "Jewish existence, in its ambiguity, strangeness and inconceivability must be understood as the most powerful expression of the fact that the world is still not yet the kingdom of God" ("Jews," 319, 322). In short, such a fear is the very fear of Israel's Messiah—this is how I understand the saying of Z. Diesendruck: "We are more feared for our strength than despised for our weakness" ("Essays," p. 195). In the last analysis, as Carl J. Friedrich points out, "the haters of the Jews are in a very real sense the haters of Christ and Christianity." Maurice Samuel's book, "The Great Hatred," bears testimony to the all important fact that the Jewish conscience becomes aware of this reality: "It is of Christ that the nazi-fascists are afraid; it is in *his* omnipotence that they believe; it is *him* that they are determined madly to obliterate. But the names of Christ and Christianity are too overwhelming, and the habit of submission to them is too deeply ingrained after centuries and centuries of teaching. Therefore they must make their assault on those who were responsible for the birth and spread of Christianity. They must spit on the Jews as the 'Christ-killers' because they long to spit on the Jews as the Christ-givers."[4]

Finally there is a third question, which is the most crucial and concerns the main issue: the attitude of the Jew himself in the midst of a Gentile world. If what is known as assimilation were completely to *extinguish* the Jewish problem, it would be in the sense indicated by Max Nordau, when he said that if there were no Jews there would be no anti-Semitism; that is to say: if the Jews give up their soul and the vocation of their people, the Gentile world would be placated. Such a solution, which is rather candidly suggested by one of the contributors to "Jews in a Gentile World" (Professor J. F. Brown), is not a solution, but a disappearance, and it is moreover thoroughly impossible, as J. O. Hertzler clearly points out. Not only does human dignity oblige the Jew to preserve his identity, but this is the very condition of Israel's survival. On this condition pressure itself becomes a factor "for, not against" preservation. Martin Buber was right in remarking, "The Jewish people has become the eternal people not because it was allowed to live, but because it was not allowed to live. Just because it was asked to give more than life, it won life."

There is, moreover, no incompatibility between maintenance of self-identity and actual fellowship with others in a common life and a common work. The more you are yourself, the more you are able to cooperate.

But here the question is: *What* is this self? *Who* am I? This is the enigma which the sphinx of the Gentile world summons the Jew to answer. As far as a non-Jew is allowed to discuss the issue, I see four possible attitudes in this connection.

The pious Jew of old, with his uncut beard and his *peis,* the Chassid or his antagonist the Talmud lover, knew the answer, but this answer, which walled them up in their perpetual strangeness

[4] Maurice Samuel, "The Great Hatred," Knopf, 1940. I have developed my personal views on the problem in a chapter, "The Mystery of Israel," in my book "Ransoming the Time," 1941

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as a people, in their sacred seclusion from the world, was possible—at what a terrible price—in a "sacral" civilization like the medieval one; not only does it sound archaic in a lay or "profane" civilization like our own, but it runs the risk of playing the game of anti-Semitism, in cutting off the Jews from the common work of culture and human society, and in enclosing them within a kind of spiritual ghetto.

The use of persecution

The Christian Jew also knows the answer; moreover, as I believe, he knows the definitive answer. Yet for him the problem has been transcended. Belonging more than ever to his people and loving it more than ever, if he truly lives by faith, he nevertheless has entered the realm of Christ's universality. Racist hatred provides him with the privilege of being persecuted with Israel, and of remaining, not only spiritually, but in his flesh too, in the communion of Israel's sufferings, yet he is no longer involved, unless spiritually, in the problems of Israel's earthly community.

The tragedy of the secularized Jew, of the Jew whom rationalism and positivism have deprived of the religious Jewish leaven, is that he can not find any answer. He looks around, wondering who he is, and asking history, sociology and psychology in vain for some suggestion. Sincere and honest-minded as he may be, he feels all the more helpless. If he endeavors to vindicate his identity, he veers toward an "ethnocentrism," the *raison d'être* of which he ceaselessly questions. Here appears the sorrowful internal conflict which the modern Jew suffers. "Actually the Jew tried to adapt himself without changing. He would be a Jew and non-Jew at the same time. He literally tried to eat the cake and to have it, and it simply cannot be done" (I. S. Wechsler, "Essays," p. 173). Truth to tell, many modern Jewish intellectuals have adapted and assimilated themselves to the hard-boiled rationalistic mentality of the contemporary Gentile world with such success that they surpass any *goysche kop* in their attachment to the narrow-minded prejudices of a self-styled "science" which cuts itself off from wisdom. And what may become of a Jew if he does not long for wisdom? Thus not only do those secularized Jews keep on perpetuating old antagonisms in modern terms; not only are they unable to distinguish Christianity itself from that social impact of flesh and blood upon Christianity of which I spoke at the outset, and not only do they express themselves about religious matters, as some contributors to the books which I am reviewing occasionally do, in a manner which pains the faith of their Christian fellow-men; but they remain impotent in the face of their own problems and renounce their very roots. It is disheartening to read such pages in which anti-Semitic rabidness and the fate of the Jewish people are explained in terms of social conditioning, and the divine election of the chosen people is "scientifically" looked upon as an illusory phenomenon of compensation, a superstitious heritage terribly burdensome indeed.

Judaeo-Christian civilization

There is a fourth attitude, which may be considered as a spiritualization and a widening of the first one. The Jew who is aware of the temporal mission of his people in human history, and who understands it in spiritual terms, is able to give answer as to his own identity. This answer presupposes religious convictions, of course, or at least respect for and understanding of the world of spiritual realities. The Jew of whom I am speaking knows that by virtue of an ineradicable vocation he is a stranger to the world and none the less immersed in the world, and that Israel is assigned a task of earthly activation of the mass of the world, that Israel has to stimulate the movement of history, and to teach the world to be discontented as long as the world does not have God. As he has understood that the God of Israel is also the God of mankind, he has likewise understood that in the face of the tidal wave of pagan blood surging up today, our civilization is revealed as a Judaeo-Christian civilization, and that this civilization will perish unless both Christian and Jew come better to perceive the vital part each one plays in its total pattern. By the same token, mutual understanding is required of them. Carl J. Friedrich (who is himself a non-Jew) is right in writing that "the 'scientific' cynicism about religion and morality has prepared the ground for the anti-Christian anti-Semitism of our day." Prominent liberals like H. G. Wells—not to speak of Voltaire—have no small responsibility by their deriding of what the former calls "the dogmatic Judaeo-Christian mythology." As Carl J. Friedrich goes on to say, "the whole vast school of pragmatists, positivists, skeptics and gentle cynics is here involved. We have all had a share. The Jews have recognized to an increasing extent the paradox of emancipation in this respect. The crisis has brought to light, once again, that the Jews have a definite spiritual function ("Jews in a Gentile World," p. 10). The rôle of Zionism appears particularly important as well as problematic in this connection. If Zionism is conceived according to a merely national and political pattern, it runs the risk of providing anti-Semitic fakers with the false-hearted—and moreover unfeasible—solution (all Jews sent back to Palestine or considered as Palestinian citizens) for which their hatred is searching. If Zionism is based above all on the consciousness of a great spiritual task, it may become an animating center for all dispersed Jewry.

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Attacked and slandered everywhere in the most hideous fashion, the Jews have to defend themselves and to oppose fanaticism and calumny by appropriate means. Yet, though necessary, the best defensive efforts and organizations are quite insufficient—in addition to the fact that the Jewish ones are often curiously awkward, ignoring their sincerest friends and sometimes choosing unfortunate supporters in the Gentile world. Merely defensive positions are always bad.

Doubtless, the Jews have also to conduct an examination of conscience and to find again the most genuine energies of their own souls—such a work of "purifying the sources" imposes itself naturally upon everyone persecuted. What is the use of the persecutor, if not to make the victim more worthy of the human race, and nearer God? There are things wrong about the Jew, as about all men. But it is not these which create anti-Semitism! Anti-Semitism fears and pursues and wishes to exterminate what is best in the Jews, the gift of God and the mission of God in them. If the Jew belittles himself and extenuates himself, his foes will strike him all the more relentlessly. Nothing is more absurd than trying to appease anti-Semitism, in giving up the privilege of being the "chosen people" and every kind of human pride. (Yet the notion of a "chosen people" is acceptable only from a religious and supernatural point of view, and here is the predicament for the irreligious Jew. If this notion comes down to a naturalistic level, it degenerates into racial pride: if there is to be found on the earth a monstrous corruption of the idea of a chosen people, it is indeed German and "Aryan" racism.) The antagonism between Jew and Gentile is, moreover, inevitable. It should take on a shape worthy of man, appear in the form of that tension which develops within fellowship and cooperation, and which makes human effort more fruitful and noble. To the shame of our time, it assumes today the bestial form of racism. Meanwhile, as Erich Kahler pointed out in 1933, "the Jewish man of today is the most endangered human being, spiritually, of our time." The ordeals of our epoch are testing his strength. Another Jewish writer, Waldo Frank, recently emphasized the necessity for the Jews of rediscovering this strength and reawakening the spirit of Israel. They have to adopt an offensive position against anti-Semitism; the only one which is left to them, yet not the weakest, and which will be victorious in the long run, is to overcome spiritually this unheard of evil, through the virtue of intelligence, wisdom and superiority of soul, through the old unshakable stand of their prophets and martyrs. In this way they have a chance of helping the Gentile world to become less ignominious, and the Christians to become aware of their own duties. In concluding his essay, Zevi Diesendruch wrote: "Let us give up the apologetic squinting; let us free ourselves from the burden of proof for the right of our existence and also from the burden of finding and removing the causes of that which is itself a prime cause. When called to the last account—it is not we who are the defendants. Let us submit to our fate with reserve and dignity." Yet submission to fate does not mean enough. Israel's conscience is able to overcome fate, through the fire of its indestructible hope.

Indeed the anti-Semitic corruption is more disastrous to the Christian world than to Jewry. The bloody atrocities that the Jews suffer throughout the world are a visible but weak image of the invisible devastation and degradation of souls that a Gentile world crazy with persecution or indifferent to justice and brotherhood is now suffering. Anti-Semitism is a crucial problem for the Christian as well as for the Jew. "Anti-Semitism, deeply rooted in the spiritual decadence of Western society, has a quadruple significance; though explicitly directed against the Jews, it is of much broader scope. Anti-Semitism is the core of an attack against (1) democracy (2) Christianity (3) the idea of right and wrong, law and ethics (4) civilization in any form. Whenever and wherever it appears, it should be viewed as a most definite danger sign" (Carl J. Friedrich, "Jews," p. 18). "Anti-Semitism clearly being a 'disease' of the Gentile nations, only a healthy reaction of the non-Jewish body politic may effectively counteract the spread of its fatal germs" (Salo W. Baron, "Essays," p. viii). The emancipation of the Jews has been a conquest of justice and civilization not only as regards the Jews, but also, and above all, as regards the Gentile world. As for the Jews, "it has not 'solved' the Jewish problem, not even provisionally. . . . If emancipation has failed, it can be attributed to the fact that it tried to emancipate the Jews yet did not try to emancipate the Jewish people" (Carl Mayer, "Jews," pp. 326-327). If nazism is defeated and if a more human world is to be built up, we must hope that a personalist and pluralist democracy will create among the diverse groups and traditions involved in the common welfare "an intercultural fellowship," a pattern of which is offered by the American multi-national community, "which might go a long way toward alleviating the shock which their mutual impact inevitably produces" ("Jews," p. 263). It has been said that the tragedy of Israel is the tragedy of mankind. It may be said that "the Jew's hope"—which in the mystical sense has been from the very beginning, and still remains, even in darkness, a hope for supreme liberation—"is humanity's hope" (Jacob R. Marcus, "Essays," p. 183). It concerns also the present crisis of civilization and the present struggle for freedom in the world.

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Prairie-Chickens

Hunting the birds and a conversation.

By T. D. Lyons

THERE was great excitement in Redstone one blustery April Fool's Day when the Sioux Falls press carried the startling news that Governor Mellette had signed the "Game Law," prohibiting the shooting of prairie-chickens between February 1 and August 1, inclusive. The farmers and ranchers had protested vigorously against the measure, and there was talk of attacking it in the courts on the ground that it was unconstitutional. The argument was that the farmers and ranchers furnished the prairie-chicken breeding grounds and feed in the shape of grain and worms, and that they had a right to dispose of the prairie-chicken crop just as they had the right to control and dispose of the other products of the soil. It was claimed also that the legislation was the result of propaganda by some foreign bird-lovers' society in New York or Pennsylvania. My father bluntly explained to the great counsel of the citizens in convention assembled around the mammoth base-burner of the Redstone Mercantile Establishment that the legislation was just and necessary to prevent the entire destruction of these beautiful game birds, and that he had personally urged the Governor in writing to sign the measure, and that he would defend the Governor's action in the next Democratic State Convention where the disgruntled planned to make an attack.

The prairie-chicken is defined as a pinnate, or spotted grouse. When my father brought the wagon-train into Dakota territory, in the early 70's, the three principal sources of protein supply were the cat-fish, the prairie-chicken and the buffalo. Pemmican, made from jerked buffalo meat, cooked with the jelly of the Pembina berry (wild cranberry), in deep fat made from buffalo, or Catalo suet, made a ration which, according to Pike L'Siou, (Old Dakoty) was superior on a long trip to the German iron ration of non-rot sausage. Charley Reynolds, Custer's famous scout who died at the Little Big Horn, claimed that a few shavings of dried Pemmican, boiled with onions, made a dish which was a real delicacy.

The prairie-chicken flocks covered the entire prairie and the sight of the hen-mother pretending to have a broken wing, running to lure boys and other intruders away from her nest, was a sight to strike even the toughest heart. In the absence of law, the unwritten code doomed anyone who injured the brooding hen, or her nest, to the universal indignation of the community, like some Roman interdict.

In July, when the young chickens were grown and flying, the flocks made a grand music, just before the dawn, calling and drumming, and whooping to each other. Even an amateur hunter, without a bird-dog, in the early days could go out with a 10-gauge shot-gun and bring in 20 birds. Steve Archimbault, who had a reputation even in the Belle Fourche country as a good shot, could kill them on the fly with a pistol, shooting from a header-box. However, a hegira of hunters came from Chicago and Milwaukee and Minneapolis with repeating shot-guns, and soon threatened the flocks with extinction. Professional hunters came to ship enormous bags to the Eastern restaurants, and the prairie-chicken was in a fair way to go the route taken by the buffalo and the wild-horse herds.

When the game law went into effect, the flocks were no longer so plentiful, and it was necessary to hunt with dogs. In Redstone, Captain Palmer had a magnificent Irish setter; Mr. Ward who had the distinction of owning a wonderful hand-made, gold inlaid, double-barreled, 10-gauge shot-gun, relied upon a powerful Llewellyn setter to find his birds; Judge Baldwin claimed that his handsome Gordon setter was not only a very capable bird-dog, but was also a great family pet. My father's dog was a present from Mr. Archer of Archer and Howe, the great grain-commission merchants of St. Paul. She was an English pointer of a pedigree almost as famous as the Hapsburgs, and was so intelligent that she could almost take part in a conversation.

After the passage of the game law, Mr. Clark, the proprietor of the Palmer House at Redstone, was besieged with requests from Chicago for rates for hunting parties, who desired him to secure bird dogs for them. He replied, laconically, that there were men between the Sioux River and the Jim River who would loan their pistols, their wolf-dogs, their saddles and saddle-horses, and he had even heard it said that there were some who would loan their hunting-case gold watches and their wives, but he hadn't found a man who would loan a bird dog. Captain Palmer came in

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apparent trepidation to the Redstone Mercantile establishment to file a protest against Mr. Clark's apparent cynicism. "Fan Palmer says that Cyrus Clark is going altogether too far, and the women of Redstone will boycott his hotel, if he doesn't look out. Of course, she said to me," continued Mr. Palmer, "you, Will Palmer, are so spineless that you couldn't pass there whenever you would smell waffles and Vermont maple syrup and ham frying, without going in and eating an extra meal, but I will call a meeting myself. Tut, Richard, what is the world coming to?—with these Susan B. Anthonys and Prohibition, and Game Laws? Bishop Hare was here the other day, and was greatly amused over that story about the station agent who advised a clergyman to hurry down and get a big box marked 'Religious Books.' He told the preacher that it was an emergency, as the box of books was leaking. You know, Richard, I always have my interstate shipments of Kentucky Dry Goods marked 'Harness and Saddles.'" "Well," my father replied, "Cap, I guess the ladies have always more or less run the world, and we are too late to protest now. Of course, Mr. Clark was merely using what Frank Pettigrew calls hyperbole—an example of what he said himself when he was asked if he had heard of a political enemy's death. Frank said, 'No, I haven't heard of it, but I certainly approve it.'"

The season

As the prairie-chicken season approached, there was great discussion as to whether the season really opened on August 1 or on August 2. The Attorney General of the State finally ruled that the season opened at midnight, July 31, and the Dakota hunters made ready in anticipation, although not a few had a trial mess of prairie-chicken, fried in cornmeal, for breakfast a few days before the effective date.

Numerous companies came to the Palmer House, and succeeded in attaching themselves to parties of local citizens who owned the much-prized bird dogs. Mr. Archer came from St. Paul with a party of five friends and two Gordon setters. We met them at the Northwestern depot with the Democratic spring wagon and the mules, to convey some of the party, and the dogs and baggage. My father and Mr. Archer and a guest of his, W. I. M. Luygx, a representative of a great Belgian Syndicate, rode with my father in the buck-board, behind the Hambletonians, to the Big Place. That night, round the ranch kitchen, Mr. Luygx cross-examined Pike L'Siou on the subject of the Black Hills and the Bad Lands. Mr. Luygx was a geologist, and had had great experience in South Africa, in Bolivia and in the Klondike. The English and Dutch Syndicate, with which his Belgian company was affiliated, was, of course, interested in the great Homestake Mine at Lead, but their principal interest was in the question of tin deposits, in commercial quantities.

Mr. L'Siou had great information on the subject of gold in the Black Hills. He claimed that gold mining operations had been carried on in the Hills for at least a full century prior to Custer's expedition with the Seventh Cavalry to the Hills, in 1874 (which he had accompanied, as a scout). He told of finding ancient timbered mines, and that the geologists believed that there were vast deposits of tin and copper and magnesium, as well as gold. He told the oft-repeated saga of Sitting Bull having told Father DeSmet of the existence of a great gold mine in the Hills, and that Father DeSmet had scrupulously kept the secret. The great Indian council held on the Sisseton Reservation, in 1867, passed a law providing that any Indian who revealed the knowledge of gold in the Black Hills should be punished by death. It was that same council which elected Sitting Bull commander-in-chief of all the Sioux Tribes, Bands and Nations, and of their allies, the Cheyennes. It was this command which Sitting Bull exercised in his great campaign of 1876 against the United States Army, under the command of General Phil Sheridan, and his competent subordinates, Gibbon, Crook, Terry and Custer. The military genius of Sitting Bull was never adequately recognized except by General Miles, in a statement made in the last month of the old Teton's life, in 1890.

My father and Mr. Archer got into a discussion of the Homestake Mine, and the purchase of that property by Senator Hearst, of California, at the time when the excitement of the finds on Frenchman's Creek was at its height. Mr. Archer had heard of a great poker game (draw poker) between Senator Hearst and Sanders, later Senator from Montana—said at one time to have been a leading member of the Vigilantes. The game was going on in Senator Hearst's private car. It was Hearst's time to bet, and the passenger train had pulled onto a siding to let a cattle-train pass. Sanders said, "Those are some of my cattle, Senator." "Well," said Hearst, "not the whole train load?" "Yes," said Sanders, "the whole train load are mine; they ought to bring a hundred thousand dollars in Chicago." "Well," said Hearst, "that is my bet." The train had pulled back onto the main track, where an armored truck-load of gold bars was being loaded into a guarded express train. "Those are my bars," said Senator Hearst. "What's that load worth?" inquired Sanders. "About one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars in Denver," answered Hearst. "That's my bet," replied Sanders.

Mr. Luygx inquired about William Randolph Hearst, who just then was blossoming out into his fame as a yellow journalist, and was interested

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to know that the great newspaper man was the son of Senator Hearst, and that the Homestake Mine was still the property of the Senator's widow. Mr. Luygx had visited at Harvard College where one of the professors, Dr. Droppers, a classmate of W. R. Hearst, had told him that Mr. Hearst would one day be President of the United States, and that when that day came, the country would soon drift into a dictatorship. He said that William Randolph Hearst had the strangest personality of any man who had been at Harvard in his time; that he was a great mystic and that he had made a special study of the career of Julius Caesar, the Roman dictator, and decided to emulate him. He told classmates that Caesar, a patrician and aristocrat, through his connection with Caius Marius, the husband of Caesar's aunt, conceived the idea of making himself the leader of the popular party and fighting those of his own social rank—the Senatorial aristocrats. He said Hearst's plan was to become Mayor or Governor of New York, and from that springboard to vault into the Presidency.

"Well," my father said, "there is a young fellow in the United States right now who has a good chance for the Presidency; he used to live over in the Upper Missouri valley, north of the Black Hills, and I met him several times with Seth Bullock, at Dickinson and Miles City. He was a corking good talker, and a real cattle-man too. I hear that he has a chance to be the Mayor of New York. I mean, of course, Teddy Roosevelt." "Well," said Pike L'Siou, "I would sure vote for a man who could run a cattle-ranch in the Bad Lands; why, the timber wolves over there, the year Captain Jack Crawford and I tried it, killed all our calves and young colts. There was one old smart-aleck wolf—the leader of the band, smarter than Jule Seminole, the Cheyenne scout; we could never get near him. Captain Jack told me later that one of the Belle Fourche stallions stomped him to death the winter of '90. But, of course, that might have been one of Jack's yarns."

"Well," my father said, "George Davidson is going to call us at a quarter to four! Let's take a vote on whether to sleep three hours, or have some hot coffee and sandwiches now, and play poker until it's time to take the dogs out."

Talking To Tommy

The British Army goes in for education.

By **Donald Attwater**

THE educational organizations now at work in the British army are three (the third is also at the disposal of the RAF and naval shore stations). The Army Educational Corps (A.E.C.) consists of specially chosen officers and non-commissioned officers; its duties are principally administrative, coordinating the various efforts, arranging special courses (postal and other) for individuals, meeting the demands of convalescent hospitals for handicraft instruction, and so forth. Then there is the Army Bureau of Current Affairs (Abca), which devotes itself to the maintenance of good morale by the diffusion of information and is therefore a propagandist undertaking, in a favorable sense of "propagandist." It publishes two excellent fortnightly bulletins (not for general circulation), one dealing with current affairs in general and the other specifically with military matters. These form the basis of "Abca talks" and discussions conducted with their men by regimental officers with varying degrees of regularity, skill and effectiveness. Finally there is the Central Advisory Council for Adult Education in His Majesty's Forces (C.A.C.),

The C.A.C. is a civilian organization, financed by the government and having the fullest cooperation of the military and other service authorities. These are represented on it, together with the Board of Education, the universities, local education authorities, the Workers Educational Association, the Y.M.C.A., and other bodies. Its headquarters are at Oxford, and its chairman is Sir Walter Moberly, scholar of New College and fellow of Merton in the University of Oxford and formerly vice-chancellor of the University of Manchester. The general organization of the council's work is in the hands of Dr. Basil Yeaxlee, who has served with several important adult-educational bodies and is well known as a writer on religious education.

The aim of the C.A.C. is to help the man or woman with a hobby to pursue or with a skill to acquire as much as one with a degree to complete or a diploma to take. Its primary business is to meet spontaneous demands put forward through service education officers. There is of course a big demand for classes in ordinary vocational subjects, and when the period of demobilization be-

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gins this will be greatly increased, together with the existing need for cultural and social education in preparation for life and work after the war. There is an admirable freedom in the choice of subjects and in discussion. In the council's own words: "In so far as education is real and living, controversial topics must needs be included . . . because in anything which touches vital human interests—politics and religion for example—fuller understanding is reached only by frank interchange of opinion. The point of importance is that all facts should be kept in view and that there should be no kind of propaganda."

The C.A.C. works through twenty-three regional organizing committees, each having its seat at a university or university college. Every such committee has on its speaking-panel one or more whole-time lecturers and an indefinite number of part-timers of a very wide variety of profession, qualification and experience; in addition the classes and other resources of the local educational authorities are at the service of the committees. The University of Bristol committee, for example, offers help in the formation of discussion circles and radio-listening groups, arranges for language, technical and other courses, and offers a wide choice of lectures. These last are on current events, international relations, modern, industrial, general and local history, geography and travel, economics, politics and citizenship, literature, drama and music, art and architecture, psychology, and physical science; the syllabus names some 170 different titles.

Personal experience

For the past seven months the present writer has been working whole-time as a C.A.C. lecturer in the west of England. During that time he has given some 250 lectures and informal talks, some single, others in series of from two to five, to audiences varying in numbers from half-a-dozen to five or six hundred (I should guess the average to be about 30). Nor is their composition any more uniform: it goes from prisoners in a detention barracks (who did not seem unduly cast down) to the special guard of a Royal Personage, the said Personage being present, and includes besides ordinary military formations, RAF audiences, girls of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force and the Auxiliary Territorial Service, military police and the tough guys of a bomb-disposal unit. On one occasion I was sent to the Harvard field-hospital of the American Red Cross, an especially agreeable occasion, when I again smoked Chesterfields and in every way felt I was back once more in the USA.

It is a peripatetic existence. One has to reach searchlight sites on remote hills, anti-aircraft positions far away in marshy plains, coast-defence batteries on windswept headlands, units hidden in obscure suburbs; and talk in anything from a freezing tent to a hotel dining-room, from a gun-pit to a hospital ward in a ducal mansion. I have traveled by train, bus, push-bicycle, ambulance, army truck, coal lorry, staff car ("jeeps" have so far eluded me); twice I have found myself in heavy blitzes; and several times a last train missed has meant spending the night in a Y canteen, drinking strong tea and chattering with soldiers, sailors and airmen, mercantile-mariners and dockers. An interesting life.

What do I talk about? Well, I have a dozen prepared forty-minute lectures from which the unit concerned can make its choice. Principally I am asked to speak about the USA, the USSR, and the Indian problem, in some or other aspect, and in dealing with these things I must have the educational angle always in mind. I must not be a sort of newspaper or columnist (I am not tempted in that direction!); in so far as I have to touch on current events, it is my job to try to give their background, historical, social, political, and not degenerate into mere topicality or "chatter about Harriet." I have to speak on English history and Welsh, on the Jews, on propaganda and on the Levant. And I have one talk labeled simply "Some Contemporary Problems"—a "spring to catch woodcock," that: men ask for it thinking they are going to hear about economics, governmental policies and the like. Instead, I begin with the problem of human work, which leads to the nature of man, and thence to metaphysics and God—and that talk, "in words of one syllable," never fails to provoke interest and lively discussion at the end.

Interest in America

For a long time I was asked to talk about the USA more than all other subjects put together: two or three lectures sketching her history and institutions, explaining the composition of her people (not "a sort of English"!), giving some particulars of her daily life and natural wealth. The general reactions are pretty encouraging for future better understanding (a certain vague prejudice and the ungenerous attitude of some Irish-Americans are among the snags), and those of my audience who have experienced them almost invariably support my praise of the American social atmosphere and ideals. Lately there has been a big demand for information about the USSR, which I meet by outlining the history of the revolution and subsequent developments, giving some particulars of Russia's political relations with Germany in the past, of her civil and military leaders today, and of daily life under the bolshevik régime. Here I find the reactions of my audiences particularly interesting.

I had expected to meet in the army a great deal of vague, uninformed admiration for communism,

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a general tendency of sentiment in that direction. I find little of the sort. On the contrary, there is a remarkable willingness to listen to adverse criticism of Marxist theory and practice, and a disposition to supplement for themselves the very limited amount of unfavorable comment that I permit myself to make. I believe this to be in a considerable measure due to the propagandizing of their communist comrades, who in general are over-persistent, humorless, resolutely unwilling to admit that bolshevism has ever done wrong or made a mistake, and more Soviet-Russian than the Soviet Russians. British soldiers get browned-off with this ceaseless grinding-out of Marxist gramophone records. In my experience there is only one thing the average Englishman-in-arms is less likely to become than a communist, and that is a Catholic. If this be so, what then becomes of the "communist menace"? It is still where and what it always was. Russia was not bolshevized by converting people to communist ideas, but by a handful of determined men seizing power at a moment of national confusion and imposing communism on an unwilling people.

It may be asked whether such work as I am engaged in, necessarily unsystematic and informal, is worth while. According to my own experience it certainly is. No doubt in most audiences the majority is apathetic, present only because it has to be; but there is always a minority of those who are antecedently interested; and another minority of those who come to doze but remain to listen, whose interest is stirred by what they hear.* Question-time may often produce little or no response. (On the other hand I have been kept as long as ninety minutes answering questions and shepherding discussion.) But invariably debate and comment on what the lecturer said comes later, in the canteen, in huts and barrack-rooms, in long hours of standing-by: how often have I been told that "You begin to take effect when you have gone," how often have I been moved by the genuine welcome given when I come again. And two things are especially helpful in getting C.A.C. lecturers a sympathetic hearing: the fact that they are civilians, messengers from the longed-for "Civvy Street," and that they come to stimulate thought, to expound objectively, not as propagandists. I have before me as I write a letter from a corporal, of pronounced "left" views, in a medical unit to which I had spoken on Russia. He says: "Without wishing to throw any bouquets (or brickbats) at you, I would like you to know that your series of lectures was appreciated by all. . . . Everyone was impressed by the total lack of bias on your part. We found that, though truth is said to be stranger than fiction, it is certainly more refreshing—an astounding revelation. . . ."

One other observation I may make, not so encouraging, but of special interest to most readers of THE COMMONWEAL. In this work I have to refer to a number of matters about which, one would think, Catholics would like further enlightenment, or to make a specifically Christian contribution. I have listened to hundreds of questions and observations, but I have never yet heard a single one which even suggested that the speaker might be a Catholic. This fact may be another flattering tribute to the lecturer's impartiality and skill in exposition—but I fear it is not. Religious reactions I do get, vague and insufficient no doubt, but confirming my long-cherished conviction of the fundamental Christianity of my fellow countrymen in general. But I see no evidence that Catholics in general are a factor doing its proper part of quietly, and in a measure unconsciously, encouraging, developing and deepening this Christianity; nor being an influence on behalf of general intellectual activity and enlightenment such as some of our publicists boast we are eminently fitted to be. Nothing I have met lately has done anything to modify my poor view of our state system of education; and those who have received it under Catholic auspices are a confirmation of my conviction that we have conceived the "schools question" much too narrowly and superficially.

* In principle educational lectures should be voluntary, but commanding officers generally decree differently, and some cogent reasons for compulsion can be adduced. The above second minority is one of them.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE Brooklyn *Tablet* has performed a highly beneficial service not only for its own community but for the nation by its handling of the news, and its editorial comments thereon, of the Haldeman-Julius Company's voluntary withdrawal from publication of the virulently anti-Catholic pamphlets which it has been issuing, in compliance with the request of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The *Tablet* gave first-page prominence to the account of the whole affair released by the Religious News Service, a press affiliate of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. In his personal department, the managing editor, Mr. Patrick Scanlon, writes that the anti-Catholic publications of the Haldeman-Julius Company, "attacking the Church from every angle, with emphasis on baseless stories impugning the integrity of the clergy and the Sisterhood," were used as source material by the Ku Klux Klan during the 1928 presidential campaign, and that for many years "Catholic groups and organizations have protested against this commercialized hatred and bigotry without making appreciable headway. . . . Recently the National Conference of

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Christians and Jews approached Haldeman-Julius. In consequence, without fanfare or wasted rhetoric, the National Conference has succeeded where all others have failed. All Catholics, indeed all tolerant and truth-loving Americans, will be grateful to the N.C.C.J. for having accomplished their end in this laudable effort."

Considering how grievously the evil witch-brew of racial and religious prejudices has in the recent past contaminated the atmosphere of the vast borough of Brooklyn, and that its infectious fumes have poisoned the common air in many other localities, it is most gratifying that the *Tablet,* with its widespread circulation and deep influence, should give such deserved prominence to this welcome account of the work done by an organization in which Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, and Jews can, and do, work together as friends, neighbors, citizens and religious people for the good of all. Indeed, in this particular case, as the *Tablet's* managing editor points out, the initiative in causing the cooperative effort came from a Catholic group. A group of laymen known as the Press Relations Committee of the United Catholic Organizations, together with the editors of *America,* called the attention of the National Conference of Christians and Jews to the Haldeman-Julius publications. That organization already had received complaints along the same line from both Protestants and Catholics, for many Protestant denominations had been subjected to the same objectionable attacks as were leveled against Catholics by the Haldeman-Julius pamphleteers.

In his letter to the Haldeman-Julius Company, Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, the president of the N.C.C.J., after outlining the case against the obnoxious booklets, said that there "is no apparent disposition on the part of these perplexed and distressed Catholic enquirers (who had written to Dr. Clinchy) to restrict the freedom of the press. But I wonder if you have thought of the consequences, in a war-time like this, of intolerance, suspicion, disunity, developing from the pamphlets. Would you be willing, on patriotic grounds, to discontinue such titles?"

The Haldeman-Julius Company accepted the appeal to patriotism. E. Haldeman Julius, its president, writing to Dr. Clinchy, states that "without mental reservations or resort to any evasions" the objectionable matter will cease; its principal source, the series named "The Black International," "will wither away, like an arm that has ceased getting its life-blood." Well known writers in this series, like Joseph McCabe, probably the veteran of all veterans of popularized anti-Catholicism, have been notified to turn to other subjects. Mr. Haldeman Julius even indicates that he has asked Bertrand Russell to stop work on a book. In return, the company asks that Catholics "withdraw their objections" to Haldeman-Julius.

Apart from this particular matter, so highly satisfactory in itself, it is to be hoped that the way is thereby more fully opened and cleared for development of stronger and ampler Catholic representation in and cooperation with the National Conference of Christians and Jews. If such a development is to be obtained, it will be more through the influence of the diocesan official press than any other factor.

The Stage & Screen

Janie

THE elder sister in "Junior Miss" was rather slighted; we seldom caught sight of her except as she flounced in or out the door. In "Janie" she comes into her own. Now and then her cadette slyly steals a scene, but the accent is on oldsters already within sight of high-school diplomas.

Janie Colburn's father owns a newspaper in Hortonville, "a small city in the United States" such as Booth Tarkington has made us familiar with. It is Mr. Colburn's conviction and editorial policy that patriotism is a fine thing so long as army trainees are confined to their quarters. He has to make an exception when a widowed bridesmaid of his wife's descends for a visit, to be near her son stationed in the local camp. The widow's Dixie drawl goes to work on Mr. Colburn's partner, while her son's uniform and Yale background go to work on Janie. When the old folks step out to the country club, Janie rounds up her cronies, rolls up the rugs, and suggests that Dick ask around a few of his campmates. The entire regiment responds, with results such as you might expect. Does Mr. Colburn return sooner than expected? Does the blackmailing little sister who was exiled to Grandma's get mislaid? Does the key to the bathroom where one of the soldiers has been playfully locked also disappear?

Since you ask, yes.

During the final ten minutes, does the little sister reappear with a neat solution for every contretemps? Is Janie reconciled to her platter-bug civilian swain? Does Mr. Colburn get priorities for his new printing press? Do the widow and the managing editor make up their quarrel? Is the commandant of the camp appeased?

Far be it from me to give away the authors' secrets.

The test of such a play isn't its originality, but its entertainment value. "Janie" doesn't attempt to be original, except in minor topical details. It doesn't pretend to analyze adolescence beyond the popular-magazine or Andy Hardy level. Josephine Bentham and Herschel Williams, who adapted the former's novel, would be as surprised as I would be if their fable should be considered for the Pulitzer Prize. What they aimed at, and achieved, is a minor, disarming, clean-hearted, unpretentious diversion.

Brock Pemberton's production and Antoinette Perry's direction are unobtrusively competent. Iowa-born Gwen Anderson, visiting New York for the first time, was a good choice for Janie, although her personality never emerges as clearly as Patricia Peardon's did in "Junior Miss" or Pat Hitchcock's in "Solitaire." But perhaps that's only because late adolescence is intrinsically more banal and less engaging than childhood. Certainly the child sister, as shrewdly portrayed by little Clare Foley, is by all odds a more interesting human. Frank Amy catches the full comedy of the civilian Romeo, and

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Herbert Evers as the romantic selectee should please all except Yale men. Linda Watkins, as the predatory widow, is the best of the grownups—I almost said adults, a gross exaggeration. John Root's settings are good. *(At Henry Miller's.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

Shadows But No Substance

SELDOM is a stage musical comedy made into a movie with results for the better—but such is the case with *"Panama Hattie."* Of course, there is only one Ethel Merman, and the film version, alas, does not have Miss Merman and her superb delivery of the Cole Porter songs, which was the one bright spot of the original. But, fortunately, neither does the film have the stage comedy's vulgarity and dull stretches of inane plot. Arthur Freed, producer of the film, had difficulty making the original plot hold together for cinema; so it was shaved considerably and now stands only as an outline on which musical numbers are hung. Because the plot was silly anyway and the specialty acts are so exceptional, the change is all for the good. We still have big-hearted, diamond-in-the-rough Hattie (turned out with appropriate slang, cheap jewelry and gew-gaws by Ann Sothern, who plays her as a continuation of her Maisie rôles). Hattie loves a respectable soldier from Philadelphia (Dan Dailey, Jr.) and has to be made over by this sergeant's seven-year-old daughter (Jackie Horner) before marriage will be in order. We also still have Hattie's three rough-and-ready sailor pals (Red Skelton, "Rags" Ragland, Ben Blue) whose pleasure is protecting Hattie, tracking down spies, and impressing Panama women with the good neighbor policy. But the show's main assets are in its song-and-dance numbers. The Berry Brothers move fast to good music. Lena Horne effectively puts over Porter's "It Was Just One Of Those Things" and a new number called "The Sping." Ann Sothern sings "I've Still Got My Health" and the "Buddies" number that was the hit of the original show. And frozen-faced Virginia O'Brien sings "Fresh As a Daisy" and Walter Donaldson's "At the Savoy" with her amusing drawl. If you're one who is not heart-broken over a slim plot, you'll like "Panama Hattie" with its nonsense and lively acts that follow each other in rapid succession. Director Norman Z. McLeod gives you no chance to fall asleep.

"Orchestra Wives" has about as little substance as most stories that run in women's magazines. It is based on the premise that the wives of the men who play in orchestras have so little to do that they just sit around, act catty and not only try to wreck each other's lives but also the orchestra as well. The film is particularly concerned with one naïve young bride (Ann Rutherford) who married her handsome trumpet-playing husband (George Montgomery) after two short, but infatuating meetings. The cast (Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore, Mary Beth Hughes) work on Ann by calling to her attention that she got George only after he stopped tooting his trumpet for Lynn Bari—and, as a matter of fact, perhaps he and Lynn are still playing duets. So Ann tells the cats off with a few cracks about their own inter-orchestral amorous activities. Just like that the orchestra goes puff and falls apart, until Ann and a bachelor piano-player (Cesar Romero) put it together again. Archie Mayo directed this orchestral arrangement of "The Women," and Glenn Miller and his orchestra provide the music and background. Don't bother to see the first four fifths of the picture, but if it shows up on your double bill, make a point to see the finale for which Glenn Miller and boys play "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo" and the Nicholas Brothers do a dance number that stands up with the screen's best.

"Seven Sweethearts" is like a confectioner's dream of a many-tiered wedding cake covered with pink icing with sugar figures. It was produced by Joe Pasternak who steered Deanna Durbin successfully through several of such modern period pieces; and it was directed by Frank Borzage who can make his cast seem human even in a decorative hunk of whimsy. The whole is unbelievable and theatrical, but at no time makes any pretense of taking its light story or musical background seriously. Van Heflin, a New York reporter, goes to Little Delft, Michigan, to cover the tulip festival. Staying at S. Z. Sakall's quaint but unprofitable hotel, he is duly charmed by the proprietor's seven lovely daughters, all of whom have boys' names except Regina (Marsha Hunt), who has ambitions to go on the stage. However the girls want to get Regina married off because tradition says the eldest must marry first and their ardent beaux are getting anxious. So when the reporter falls in love with the youngest (Kathryn Grayson), the problem only becomes more involved—in a musical comedy way. The music is tuneful and Miss Grayson sings her songs nicely. Van Heflin is sufficiently annoyed and blasé about all this Dutch charm and cuteness. And Sakall fusses around like a mother hen with her brood. The script has some pleasant humor, and Borzage has added to the fun with plenty of light comedy touches in his direction. In spite of its fluff and artificiality, "Seven Sweethearts" deserves more than a passing nod.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Guide-Book Biased

Argentina. John W. White. Viking. $3.75.

GENUINE enthusiasm and love for his subject should be a prerequisite for any author. This is particularly true when writing about a foreign land and people. History or biography must be truly impartial, and since we all approach the other fellow's point of view with some preconceived notions, we need that offsetting dose of sympathy to even things up. Perhaps it is unfair to say that Mr. White, who has lived in Argentina for so many years, does not have this approach, but unfortunately, if he has it, he fails to convey it to the reader.

There is an evident desire to please that powerful neighbor, but somehow he does not touch the soul of the nation and presents instead an imposing array of facts. History, politics, economics, all the factors that make up a nation are there, and yet it is difficult even for one deeply

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interested in the topic to plod through the three hundred odd pages of this book. The author himself seems to be struggling, uninspired, and his style suffers greatly thereby.

"Argentina," however, can be very valuable for the student as a reference book, although certain biases should be analyzed if it is to serve as a guide to the mentality and culture of the country it seeks to portray.

Mr. White makes categorical statements about Argentina and Latin America which are both biased and indicative of poor criteria, since they do not square with the facts. Thus: "It was Argentina that organized the conference of American neutrals and stopped the three year Chaco War after the League of Nations had failed in its attempts to do so" is apt to provoke violent skepticism on the part of those familiar with this incident.

And "there are only two great national parties in all South America: the Radical Party in Argentina and the Aprista Party in Peru" is a broad statement. One would have to define the word "party," for his contention that the others are merely groups whose "bosses hold out the promise of government jobs as a reward" would seem to fit in very nicely with what most people regard as national parties in all countries, not excluding the USA.

When he decrees dogmatically that "Bolivar was inspired much more by personal ambition than was San Martin" and solves the enigmatic meeting of the two liberators at Guayaquil with the statement that "Bolivar desired to finish the liberating campaign by himself," he evidently has inside information heretofore unavailable to historians and students, for the facts of what actually took place at that celebrated encounter have never been made public. I have always failed to see why it is necessary to disparage Bolivar in order to praise San Martin. It would seem to me to detract rather than add to the latter's fame.

The familiar and now old-fashioned anti-Spanish bias is prevalent throughout the book, which is generously sprinkled with stock phrases such as, "Cruelty marked the entire conquest of South America," and "The shortcomings in government, which are part of the country's Spanish heritage, probably will be remedied with time and education."

Finally, "Like North Americans (?) the Argentines are intense individualists, full of zest and spontaneity, and ready to fight at the least slight, real or imaginary, and they stubbornly refuse to be disciplined." These are qualities or faults which all Latin Americans recognize as very much their own, but do not generally attribute to North Americans!

My quarrel is not so much with the statements themselves, for we are all entitled to our own opinions, but to the manner in which they are expressed, much as if there was no appeal from Mr. White's dictum. It seems too bad that so many valuable facts should not be more objectively and attractively presented.

LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

CRITICISM

The Roots of American Culture. Constance Rourke. Edited and with a preface by Van Wyck Brooks. Harcourt. $3.00.

CONSTANCE ROURKE had a special lilt to her reconsiderations of the American past. When she wrote about minstrels, backwoodsmen, or gangling native clowns, as in "American Humor," she seemed to be fifing "Yankee Doodle," or tripping through a jig in a frontier

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settlement. She effervesced because she believed that these earlier settlers did. And when she portrayed Audubon, in her biography of six years ago, she did communicate the verve that had been his as he penetrated the wilderness. And once again, in this book of posthumous essays—edited by Van Wyck Brooks—she was carried away by the particulars that charmed her.

In "The Roots of American Culture" she has conveyed the deep-toned dignity of the Indians in her discovery of their treaties; given a shimmering quality to her treatment of Susannah Rowson, an early American playwright; deftly celebrated post-Revolutionary and Western theatermen, and been downright brilliant on the elder Booth, whose magniloquence she has rightly connected with that of our more sonorous statesmen. Sometimes she might have been overhearing the magpie instruments of an earlier Republic. And the notes on spare New England architecture, Shaker workmanship and the hearty life of the folk articulate what too often has been smothered. All this the book presents with an almost tipsy-minded eloquence—and a real insight which suggests an original meditation.

But where a comprehension of these phenomena is sought, the work is less memorable. Are the Indian treaties rightly considered as primitive drama—or should they be treated, with their alternations of speakers, as an oratorical colloquy? Can one demonstrate a profound musical impulse from an aptitude for the flute or the fiddle? These questions merely suggest more fundamental limitations of evaluation. The frontier is not illuminated by long discussions of German tracts, philosophical or otherwise. Nor does the existence of folk expression presuppose that an art will follow. Yet too often Miss Rourke assumed that it would. Is this why her own pictures of the frontier are more impressive than what she made of them? Does it explain why she failed to give us a standing in the present? Surely we may continue to cherish the Arcadian passages in her "American Humor" and her other writings. But for criticism—that understanding of the past which lodges us deeper in the present—we shall have to go elsewhere.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

JOURNALISM

Concerning The Fourth Estate. John E. Drewry. Georgia. $2.00.

MOST thoughtful journalists have long been grieved by the many popular misconceptions of the press and of the men and women who produce newspapers. They have been grieved not so much by criticism, as there has frequently been a basis for much of it, but by the lack of understanding of the problems that journalists must meet in their daily work and of the principles that guide them. Otherwise intelligent and sincere persons become grossly unfair when discussing the American press. This is true of numerous New Dealers, including some that are high placed. It is true also of many college professors and clergymen.

Mr. Drewry, who is dean of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia and former president of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism, deals with some of these misconceptions in his book. He also deals effectively with education for journalism and with the need for a code of professional ethics. His book is not an apology for newspapers and editors, but rather a forthright statement of what it takes in principles, education, patriotism and technical knowledge to make good in modern journalism. The press of America owes him a debt of gratitude. The person who reads this book will henceforth read his newspaper more intelligently.

Dean Drewry gives numerous examples of newspaper public service; discusses what is wrong with the editorial page and outlines some remedies for the more obvious complaints; devotes a chapter to women in journalism and what they need in preparation and also has a chapter on the satisfactions and rewards of journalism. His concluding chapter is a plea for professional standards—the best discussion of the subject that this reviewer has seen anywhere.

NEIL MACNEIL.

SCIENCE

My Friends, the Apes. Belle J. Benchley. Little Brown. $3.00.

THIS is an exceptional book. One of its exceptional characteristics is excellence. Another is that the author does exactly what she set out to do; its title even portends its real nature. Mrs. Benchley's purpose can best be given in her own words, quoted from the introduction, "It is a simple, perhaps sentimental account of my own adventures with the apes, our 'next of kin.'"

The book is an account of her association with specific apes in the San Diego Zoo, which she directs. In this family one finds representatives of the gibbon, orang, chimpanzee and gorilla. Intertwined with these individual stories of birth, death, play, viciousness and pathetic tenderness is a great deal of general information about apes that she has gathered from old and new literature, scientific and unscientific. It is all skillfully integrated.

Mrs. Benchley knows apes only from literature and the zoological garden. She is not an explorer or a biological analyst of one of the current categories. Accordingly her book is not a travelogue adventure; rather it is an adventure in friendship.

Yet her work is science of the best kind. True, it will perhaps be referred to as semi-scientific or popular, but that is only because we have dissected the biological discipline to the point of confusion. If you become understandingly acquainted with your neighbor, you will know much more about him than if you read a psychoanalyst's report on his state. The completeness of your broad first hand knowledge of your friend does not make it unscientific. Nor is Mrs. Benchley's. She has made a broad, sound contribution to the science of anthropoids.

J. MCA. KATER.

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BRIEFERS

Ornamental American Shrubs. William R. Van Dersal. Oxford. $4.00.

HERE is something for anyone who has ever fussed around with domesticating wild flora. It is a tricky and rewarding business, requiring an ingenuity and a patience even greater than ordinary gardening, but the rewards are out of all proportion to the extra effort, for with such tillage you can have things not to be purchased from nurserymen or seedsmen, you can accomplish things no one has ever done before, you can yourself make no inconsiderable contribution to the science of horticulture. The author writes clearly and well—indeed the book can be read all the way through, rather than be used merely for reference, and it has an excellent index. The endpapers—showing the plant growth regions of the United States—are invaluable. Dr. Van Dersal is a biologist in the US Department of Agriculture.

Washington, D. C. A Guide to the Nation's Capital. Hastings House. $3.50.

WE HAD OCCASION last week to make a practical field test of this newcomer to the excellent American Guide Series compiled by the Writer' Program of the Work Projects Administration. It supersedes the four-and-a-half-pound tome published in 1937 by the Government Printing Office. Besides its superior portability, its arrangement is enormously superior for practical purposes; its general background chapters are in the main improved, particularly the realistic survey of Washington's architecture; considerable new information has been added and inaccuracies corrected. Debits are the necessary contraction of the loose map supplement and the unaccountable omission of any clue to the reference numbers on the new volume's general map.

Assignment in Brittany. Helen MacInnes. Little Brown. $2.50.

A BRITISH AGENT parachutes into Brittany, finds what he is looking for, is caught by the Gestapo and saved by the local underground movement. Books like this are turned out by the dozen these days, and there is nothing wrong about that since they are natural attempts (1) to make money; (2) to bring this vast, impersonal war into scale with the courage and initiative of one man. Not all of us have the great heart to be a "daughter of the regiment": to feel that we participate in action we have to day dream our way along with the action and the adventure of a smaller unit. "Assignment in Brittany" is unusually successful in action and suspense and because the author evidently knows the French people of Brittany whom she describes, they are plausible and attractive. And they do not talk pidgin-English.

The Inner Forum

Catholic Labor and Vichy

ON ONE same day, the cables brought us an eloquent protest by Msgr. Saliège, Archbishop of Toulouse, against the deportation of Jews and an announcement by the Laval government that workers in every profession

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"NIGRA SED FORMOSA"

Someone had to fight the devil,
Shout about Gabriel's horn,
Someone had to stoke the train that would bring
God's children to Green Pastures,
That's why darkies were born.

Throughout the bitter little song from which these lines come, you find the Negro's reading of a white-man technique which the white man himself has not so clearly understood. What is the picture the average white has of the Negro? I jot things down as they come:

Green Pastures
Negro Spirituals
Can't help lubbin' dat man ob mine
He had no wool on the top of his head
My gal's a high-born lady

What does it all add up to? A stage Negro, mainly comic, sometimes pathetic, and even at his best not quite adult: like the stage Irishman, in fact: and serving the same function of standing between his race and justice. There is no particular design about this: it is the working of some psychological law which demands that we must make a man comic before we can maltreat him. "They're only children" we say—as a foundation for treating them as not quite human.

It would be hard to read *Dark Symphony* and think of Elizabeth Adams as "not quite human". She is the first of her race to write a book on her conversion to the Church, and her approach—by way of the Confessional—is her own. She not only establishes herself in our mind: she introduces us to a whole section of the Negro world that had never come into the stage-Negro picture. It couldn't come in, in fact, without shattering it. Try patronizing Elizabeth Adams' father, for example!

The shock of meeting these people even in the pages of a book is a measure of how far even sympathy has fallen short of knowledge. We were charmed by *Green Pastures*, for instance. Yet it would never have occurred to us that the religion of *Green Pastures* was a possible religion for us: it did not so instantly strike us that there were Negroes for whom it was just as impossible.

That is one mistake *Dark Symphony* will prevent us making again. Perhaps, indeed, the great value of the book is that the conversion is shown so convincingly as a completion and not as a break. The home life of a cultivated Negro family gave an early training which she did not have to forget about in becoming a Catholic. It was in fact an ideal preparation. It had its own sanctities and she could bring them all with her into the Church. F. J. S.

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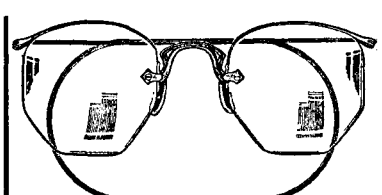

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must belong to one sole designated union, thus dissolving all free unions and among them the Christian unions. It is not a mere coincidence nor is it accidental that the prelate whose protest against the deportation of the Jews has attracted such great attention in France as well as outside of France should be the same prelate who ever since the Armistice has shown the most active sympathy for the Catholic labor movement. On the morning of May 1, 1941, he mastered a physical weakness which has by no means impaired either his intellect or his apostolic zeal and declared publicly that France would not be rebuilt unless the rights of the worker were respected, and that his prayers were offered for the freedom of the workers to organize as they choose. That very day the Christian unionists, in complete agreement with their socialist comrades, made it plain to representatives of Marshal Pétain that they stood firm against any discrimination in labor unions based upon race. Condemnation of racism was proclaimed a basic principle of French labor organizations both by the leaders of the Confédération Générale du Travail and of the French Confederation of Christian Workers in their joint manifesto issued in Paris as far back as November 15, 1940, and proclaimed again on May Day, 1941 and 1942. Msgr. Saliège once again reached complete ageement with the deepest conscience of French workers when in the month of August, 1942, he spoke these simple words: "Jews are men too."

It is not the first time that the Archbishop of Toulouse has shown how keenly he is aware of a question of deep interest to French Catholic workers. On June 27, 1942 he officially warned the faithful that the situation would never be saved by "clericalism of which the Church disapproved and with which we want to have nothing to do under any circumstances." As early as the autumn of 1940 the Christian trade unionists understood—and they were doubtless among the first French Catholics to do so—the two-fold danger contained in the proposals made to the French hierarchy by the men of Vichy: the danger that the Church would be identified with the régime in the eyes of the masses; the danger that the Catholic conscience would be lulled into a sense of false security while behind a front of clericalism the influence of nazi ideas would gain ground. That is why the Catholic labor movement constantly refused to support a policy favored by certain clever politicians and which consisted in giving up the freedom of labor associations in exchange for the advantages which the Vichy government might concede to ecclesiastical institutions and the jobs which the government offered Christian workers in the state labor organization. Before as after the "Labor Charter," Catholic workmen took an intransigeant attitude: they stood for free labor unions, they proclaimed "that they would refuse to take any responsibility in any organization which involved the disappearance of the free workers' movement." If you won't joint state organizations what is there left for you to do? That is the question that was put to them by all those who can see no salvation unless they are hand in glove with the powers that be. But their answer was this: "Our trust is in Providence, which abandons only those who lack faith, courage and persistence."

The men who, one after another, have been at the head of Vichy's social policy—Bélin, Pucheu, La Gardelle—none of them have succeeded in breaking down the resistance of the Christian labor union membership. And now, two years after the French Confederation of Christian Workers had been dissolved by decree—August 15, 1940—local Christian organizations still exist and form

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an essential element in the resistance of French workers. Laval found that out when in his attempts to discover workers to send into Germany, he tried to organize a Workers' Information Committee. In the occupied zone the only Christian leader who was willing to become a member of this Committee was obliged to admit that he joined it simply as an individual and not as a representative of his organization. In unoccupied France the leaders of the Christian unions refused pointblank Laval's call to attend meetings to organize the Committee. And local militants were warned against any possible weakness in the following statement: "Our 1,300,000 prisoners in Germany, their families, the families of all those who have paid with their freedom, their blood or their life for the defense of the nation, tomorrow will be your judges, and they will be pitiless judges. And the workers' organizations, they too, when the time comes and they can speak and act in freedom, they too will judge you."

Catholic workers have been so determined in their resistance that on May 25, 1942—according to *Action Française*—one of the leaders of Pétain's legion in a speech deploring the opposition of French labor unions felt obliged to say that in this opposition "the Christian union members played a major part." And there is ample testimony from non-Catholic militants in the movement of labor resistance to justify the disappointment and rage shown by the men of Vichy. Laval can dissolve Christian workers' organizations. The men who are active in those organizations will simply await a favorable opportunity in which to prove that their hearts have not changed. Since the days of 1848 never have Christians so thoroughly deserved and earned the respect of the laboring masses. And that is because Catholic unionists, face to face with the Vichy government, have understood and shared the fundamental feeling of the entire French workers' movement, a feeling which was recently formulated by Christian and non-Christian workers: "The labor movement must remain totally independent, and if it is to keep the confidence that workers have put in it, it must not yield to any pressure from employers nor to any pressure from political parties nor to any pressure from the government." The will of French workers to stand firm against the totalitarian powers is inseparable from the fundamental independence of a Christian conscience.

HERBERT MORRIS.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jacques MARITAIN has long meditated on the Jewish question, on which he gave a celebrated lecture at the Salle des Ambassadeurs in Paris before the war. One of his books, "A Christian Looks at the Jewish Question," is devoted to this subject, as are two chapters of his recent "Ransoming the Time."

T. D. LYONS now practices law in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he was formerly a judge. He was born and raised in the Dakotas.

Donald ATTWATER has for some time been a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, and is at present engaged in educational work in Britain. He is the author of a number of books. We learn with sorrow that Mr. Attwater's son, Robin Aelred, is believed to have been killed in action July 7, 1942.

Lulú Vargas VILA is a native of Colombia and an active worker in the cause of closer Pan-American relations. She is at present living in Washington, D. C.

Jerome MELLQUIST is an art critic, author of "The Emergence of an American Art."

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